

Short and Sweet by gentlebreeze

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Summary:

A collection of stories that are just as they sound - short and sweet
(because I suppose that's what I do best?).
(Will update tags as I upload more content)

1. Friendly Banter - Steve Rogers/Tony Stark

Prompt: "Please, stop getting shot. It stresses me out." "Oh, well if YOU don't like it."

"Oh my God, Tony, how in the hell did you get yourself in this situation?" Steve snickered down at the man in question as he laid in his hospital bed.

Tony only rolled his eyes. "Don't wanna talk about it. You'd laugh anyways."

"Oh, without a doubt. But still, I wanna know."

"Nope."

"Please?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"Nope."

"Tony, that wasn't a yes or no question."

"Don't care."

"You're too childish to be a super genius," Steve sighed as he moved to sit down on the chair next to Tony's bed. "But seriously. Stop getting shot. It stresses me out."

"Oh, well I'm sorry. But I just love getting shot. It's so fun. Call me a masochist, but I think I gotta do this more often," Tony replied with sarcasm dripping off of his words.

"You know that's not what I meant. I really do worry about you, Tony. I care about you, no matter what you think."

Tony didn't quite know how to respond to that. He and Steve never had interactions like this. Their relationship was hardly what you

could call romantic - it was more “Hey, you’re not dead? Good, because I kinda need you in this world.” They never really felt the need to show their feelings - they loved each other. No reassurance needed. So, to hear these words from Steve’s mouth was a shock, to say the least.

“Well, I’m glad there’s at least one person out of the seven billion here that cares about me. It’s really quite flattering. Humbling, even,” Tony responded the only way he knew how - with sarcasm that covered his wavering confidence.

“I guess that’s the best response I’m going to get out of you.”

“I guess so, Cap.” Tony smiled softly.

That was the only response Steve needed.

2. Anthony Edward Stark - Steve Rogers/Tony Stark

Summary for the Chapter:

Tony makes Steve a suit. Steve has some problems with said suit. Hilarity ensues.

“What do you mean, you don’t like the suit? I put so much time into that suit! You are going to wear that suit, damn it!”

“Tony, I never said I didn’t like it-”

“No! I don’t want to hear it mister! You are going to wear that suit and you are going to like it!”

Steve let out a prolonged sigh. Never in his life had he met a man as infuriating as Anthony Edward Stark.

That morning, Anthony Edward Stark had presented him with a new suit, and it wasn’t necessarily bad - it just lacked a lot of vital qualities. Namely protection.

Now, Steve knew he wasn’t the expert here, but he was fairly certain that a stealth suit required some form of protection for his body. In simple terms yeah, the suit looked really cool, but it was basically a Halloween costume.

This concerned Steve, so he went to the man in charge. However, said man was Anthony Edward Stark. Confronting Anthony Edward Stark about potential, shall we say, slip-ups, in his work was a very delicate process. Steve thought it to be not unlike deactivating a bomb - you have to make sure you cut the correct wires in the correct order. Needless to say, this situation had to be approached with tact and skill.

And needless to say, Steve had failed.

Kaboom.

“Tony, listen to me-”

“No, Steve, you listen to me! That suit is perfect. It’s got quiet colors, it’s got a night vision mode, it’s got magnets for your shield, it’s everything someone as enhanced as you needs!”

“But, Tony-”

“I’m not done! Most importantly, it does wonders for your ass,” Tony emphasized this part because come on, that’s America’s Ass.

Steve paused for a moment to think of a way to phrase his thoughts in a way that Tony would understand. After coming up with absolutely nothing, he went for the next best option.

“Tony. Suits are meant for protection. Yeah, all these gadgets are cool, but I’ll be honest - I’m never going to remember how to use them anyway. And this part may come as a shocker to you, but even though I’m genetically enhanced, bullets still hurt,” Steve stated, trying to appeal to Tony’s logical side.

Unfortunately, Steve failed to remember that he doesn’t have one.

“You’re a super soldier! You’ll be fine! Last time I checked, bullets might not feel the best but you’re not going to die or anyth-” this time, Tony was the one cut off because God damn it, Steve was over this.

With his only goal in mind to shut Tony up, he grabbed Tony’s shirt collar and yanked him into his chest, pressing his lips to Tony’s with

as much aggression as he could muster. The only sound that escaped Tony's lips was a surprised squeak.

The kiss ended as quickly as it had started, as Steve had pushed Tony away almost immediately. And for the first time ever, Anthony Edward Stark was rendered speechless. But only for a moment, because he was just THAT insufferable.

"I liked that. Very much. And I would like it to happen again later under different circumstances," Tony remarked with a slightly lost look in his eyes that Steve frankly found adorable.

"Then fix the suit. Please and thanks." With that, Steve strolled out of the room, hoping his message had got through to Tony.

Not an hour later, a paper bag appeared at Steve's door. A note inside read:

Added some protection. It would be a shame if you died before I got to kiss you again. Meet me at the tower after your recon. Would love a continuation of today's events.

-T

What an insufferable bastard. But of course, who was Steve to talk - he knew full well that he'd make an appearance at the tower that night for none other than Anthony Edward Stark.

3. Immature - Amami Rantaro/Saihara Shuichi

Summary for the Chapter:

Rantaro is better than Shuichi at everything, and he's over it.

“There’s no way. There’s absolutely NO WAY.”

“Oh there’s a way. Trust me.”

“No. There’s no way out!”

“Just keep searching.”

Shuichi just continued to stare at the chess board, feeling utterly defeated. “This is useless. You’re just stringing me along to make me think I have a chance at winning, and as soon as my turn is over, you’re going to destroy me!”

“Saihara, there’s a way. I’m staring at it right now. It’s not exactly subtle,” Rantaro sounded annoyed, but Shuichi could tell by the hint of a smile on his face that he was amused.

“No! There’s no way! I don’t get this game. Amami, how are you so good at chess? Didn’t you say you don’t have a talent?” Shuichi knew he didn’t lose his cool often (read: never), but Rantaro’s innate talent for playing chess was infuriating. And it wasn’t just chess, either! Shuichi was actually pretty sure that Rantaro’s talent was being good at everything.

Rantaro just shrugged, the light smirk never leaving his face. “You just need to practice. To be fair, I thought you would be great at chess. That just seems like something the Ultimate Detective would be good at.”

“Well, apparently I’m not,” Shuichi let out a sigh and flopped back in his chair. “I think I’m done with this for today.”

“You aren’t even going to let me win?” Rantaro pouted in that stupidly adorable way that he knew Shuichi wouldn’t be able to

resist.

But today, Shuichi was feeling stubborn. “Nope. Let’s do something else.”

“Ok, fine. What do you suggest?” Rantaro quirked a pierced eyebrow.

Shuichi closed his eyes and tried to think of something fun to do. Video games? No, Rantaro would beat him too easily. Cards? No, the game would be over before it even began. Karaoke? Well, Shuichi had never heard Rantaro sing, but he was pretty sure that he would lose desperately at that, too. Wait!

Shuichi’s head snapped up as he had a realization. “Clue! Yeah, let’s play Clue! There’s no way you would beat me at a game that’s literally about being a detective!”

Rantaro cocked his head as if he had to think hard about the suggestion. “Well, I guess we could try it.”

Shuichi hopped out of his chair and ran to the closet to find his old game set, feeling ready to finally have a win over Rantaro.

One hour later, he was under his bed covers pouting because God damn it all, he had lost at that, too. “Saihara? Come on, you can’t hide under there forever,” Shuichi heard Rantaro’s deep voice above him, and saw a shadow appear over his blanket.

“Watch me,” Shuichi knew he was being ridiculous, but he couldn’t help it! He was annoyed!

Suddenly, the shadow was much bigger and closer to him, and he couldn’t help but startle a bit. “Shuichi,” Rantaro’s voice somehow dropped an octave and his breath was brushing through the blanket onto Shuichi’s face. As soon as he heard his given name uttered from those lips, a shiver ran down his spine.

“What?” Shuichi was surprised to find his voice barely came out as a whisper. He wasn’t sure where this tension came from, but the air suddenly felt hot and thick. His breaths were shallow, chest rising and falling quickly. The blanket was whipped off his body and replaced by Rantaro’s face inches away from his own.

“You’re being awfully immature, Shuichi,” Rantaro’s gravelly voice barely reached Shuichi’s ears because he was too focused on the fact that Rantaro was too close, too close, and there was nothing keeping him from pushing himself another inch forward to connect their lips.

Shuichi stared at Rantaro’s parted lips, and felt his tongue dart out to lick his own. God, since when did Rantaro have such beautiful lips? Come to think of it, when did that lip piercing get there? Shuichi briefly imagined what it would feel like to have those lips on his own: feeling the cool metal of that piercing brush against his lips before coaxing them open and taking all of Rantaro’s mouth for his own. Then he realized that he could. He could grab Rantaro by the back of the head and smash their lips together without mercy. His eyes flickered up to the green ones opposite him for a brief moment. Nothing could have prepared either of them for what would happen next.

“Do it.”

Hearing those words practically drip from Rantaro’s mouth, something inside Shuichi snapped. He grabbed the collar of Rantaro’s shirt and pulled him down to crash their lips together. Rantaro let out a grunt as he fell on top of Shuichi, crushing him against his bed. Shuichi took the opportunity to roll on top of Rantaro without ever separating their lips. Rantaro reached up and brushed his fingers along the nape of Shuichi’s neck before entangling his fingers in soft black locks of hair.

The kiss was anything but romantic, teeth knocking together as each boy tried to steal the other’s breath. Shuichi relented first, his lungs aching for oxygen.

As he pulled away and opened his eyes, he was met with a sight that would be burned into his memory for what he was sure would be the rest of his life.

Rantaro lay beneath him on his bed, pupils blown wide, t-shirt rolled up and exposing a sliver of pale skin. Green wavy hair fell on the bed beneath his head like a halo. His cheeks were flushed and his lips looked bruised. His chest heaved up and down, blowing hot air into

Shuichi's face.

Rantaro broke the silence first. "Why didn't we do that sooner?" he sounded absolutely wrecked.

Shuichi found that he didn't have an answer, so he opted for pressing his lips to Rantaro's again. He didn't know why they hadn't done that sooner, so might as well make up for lost time.

4. Bakamura! - Narumiya Mei/Sawamura Eijun

Summary for the Chapter:

Mei is having some self-confidence issues. Sawamura lends a helping hand.

Sawamura Eijun. God, just thinking about that name got Mei's blood boiling.

The hot-headed first year from Seidou that always had this fire in his eyes that made him seem almost electric. He always shone with a determination that Mei couldn't even describe. That determination pissed him off to entirely new levels.

Sawamura's pitching wasn't necessarily *bad* , it just lacked experience and tact. It was reckless and full of blind power. There was no real evidence of hard work behind it. It was just pure chaos. But that wasn't even what bothered Mei the most.

He would never know what it was like to have a natural talent for pitching. Mei had gotten to where he was through hard work and discipline, not wild pitches full of passion and mayhem. But somehow Sawamura made it work. And he didn't even seem to realize how lucky he was! What the hell was with that?

So as Mei was sitting across from the pitcher in question, he was clenching every muscle in his body to keep from diving over the table and str angling him. He was just going on and on and on about "how much I look up to you, Narumiya!" and "I wish I could be more like you!"

With every comment, Mei could feel himself losing his patience. “Eijun, would you stop that? You’re plenty good at pitching. Don’t sell yourself short like that,” Mei could feel his voice shake with anger at the end.

“But Narumiya-senpai! You’re so cool! Your pitches are, like, amazing! That’s the only word I can think of to describe them! They just go wham! Pow! Woosh! I wish I could just be as good as you one day!”

What Sawamura said next really sent him over the edge, though.

“Seriously, I bet you don’t even have to try! It just seems so effortless! Do you even have to pract-”

Mei’s hands came crashing down on the table, effectively shutting Sawamura up and drawing the attention of several other people enjoying their lunch. He forced his eyes shut and hissed through clenched teeth, “You will never understand what I went through to get where I am. Don’t you ever pretend you know my past. Don’t you ever pretend to know what it’s like to work day in and day out tirelessly until your shoulder aches and your hands form blisters on top of your other blisters and your legs feel like they’re going to give out from beneath you. Don’t you ever pretend to know what it’s like to practice like that and not have anything to show for it.”

When Mei opened his eyes, Sawamura looked taken aback. But that was quickly replaced by a look of pure confusion. “Narumiya-senpai? You don’t think you have anything to show for it?”

Mei found himself unable to respond, and just tightened his grip on his fork.

Sawamura's eyes got wider as he cocked his head to the side. "Mei. You really are stupid, aren't you?"

Mei stabbed his fork into the wood table, once again drawing the attention of bystanders. "Save it, Eijun. I don't want to hear it."

"No, Mei. I think you should hear this," Sawamura started, his voice uncharacteristically calm. "I never realized you were this dense. I always thought you knew how amazing you are. Mei, I look up to you more than anyone else in the whole world. You are truly an amazing pitcher. You work hard, you have so much talent, you have the aura of a leader, you know how to keep up the moral of your team, you have confidence, and, well, you're just the perfect pitcher! You have everything! You can't tell me you have nothing to show for all your hard work. If that were the case, we would have gone to Nationals instead of you."

Mei's eyes flickered up to meet Sawamura's. He was sure there was a blur of emotions crossing his face, if his looked anything like Sawamura's. Those big brown eyes were shining with a new kind of determination, one that was mixed with admiration and another emotion that Mei couldn't place.

Sawamura reached across the table to place his hand over the one Mei had used to grip the fork. Mei jerked his hand away, not because he was disgusted, but because he was utterly confused. He had never seen Sawamura so serious. This was a new side of Sawamura that confused Mei. It was also at the moment he saw this new side of Sawamura that he realized he had fallen for the hot head, and he had

fallen *hard* .

Sawamura just looked down at the hand he had placed on Mei's, looking dejected. "Sorry, I guess I got a little caught up in the moment-"

"Eijun. Can we get some air?"

Sawamura raised an eyebrow, the look of dejection still lingering on his features. "Yeah. Yeah, sure," he sounded unsure of himself for the first time.

Mei stood up without any more words and headed for the door of the restaurant, expecting Sawamura to follow. Sure enough, he trailed behind Mei like the lost puppy he was. The pair walked for a long time - Mei wasn't exactly sure how much time had passed, but he wasn't trying to keep track.

By the time the sun began to set, he found himself standing in front of the baseball field across the street from his house. This was where it had all begun. He stopped in his tracks, vaguely aware of Sawamura's presence beside him. "You know, Eijun, this is where I first learned how to pitch."

Sawamura perked up at the sound of his given name. "Really? Then history was kind of made here!"

Mei smiled and shook his head, stifling a small laugh. "Yeah, I guess

so.”

He walked out onto the field, stopping when he reached the pitcher's mound. As he lifted his gaze towards home plate, he suddenly felt like a little kid again. He could hear his Dad's voice behind him, directing him to snap his hips more and make sure his fingers were following the seams of the ball.

“You look happy,” Sawamura's voice cut through Mei's thoughts, successfully grabbing his attention.

“Yeah. There were a lot of great memories here. Sometimes, I wish things were still that easy. When baseball was just something I did for fun, and it didn't matter how good everyone was. We were all just trying to make friends and enjoy each other's company. I miss it sometimes, you know?” Mei turned to Sawamura with a nostalgic look in his eyes.

Sawamura smiled softly. “I think I get that. I miss my friends from junior high sometimes, too.”

They sat in comfortable silence for a moment, listening to the crickets and the children on the playground nearby. “Neh, Mei? About what happened at the restaurant-”

“Don't worry about it, Sawamura. I didn't mind.”

Mei sat down on the mound and patted the sand beside him,

motioning for Sawamura to sit down next to him. He hesitantly sat down and turned to face Mei. “Hey, you know, I really like you. Sometimes I’m not very good at showing my feelings, but I thought I would just tell you in case you couldn’t tell. But it’s okay if you don’t like me back. I’m okay with just being friends.”

Mei froze. Even though he knew Sawamura always wore his heart on his sleeve, he certainly wasn’t expecting him to confess like that out of the blue. “I, uh, well I guess I could kind of tell? But it’s not a bad thing! I guess I kinda like you too,” Mei whispered the last part, not sure if he was ready to admit his feelings yet.

It didn’t matter, though, because Sawamura heard and his face immediately lit up. “Really! Oh, I thought there was no way you liked me back! You’re always so ‘Gah, Bakamura shut up! You’re so annoying!’ and ‘I’m so much better than you!’”

“Oi! That’s not true! I never talk about being better than you!”

“Yes you do! That’s, like, all you talk about!”

“It is not!”

“It is, too!”

“Bakamura, shut up!”

“See?! There it is!”

“God, you’re so annoying. It’s a good thing I like you so much.”

For the second time that night, Mei had effectively shut Sawamura up. And for the second time that night, Sawamura placed his hand on top of Mei’s. But this time, Mei didn’t pull away.

5. Stranger Things Have Happened - Jonathan Byers/ Original Female Character

Notes for the Chapter:

so this is something different that i've never really tried before, but i hope you like! i might write more to this since it's very open ended and vague, but enjoy!

My eyes flew open at the sound of Steve's voice. "This is crazy, this is crazy, THIS IS CRAZY!" his voice came from the living room.

I jolted up from the bed and threw open the door. I stumbled over my feet as I followed the sound of chatter in the living room. Sure enough, a panicked Steve was running out the door and fumbling for his car keys. I slowed to a stop and quirked a brow. "Why was Steve here?" I questioned slowly.

Before either of my companions could answer, the lights started flickering again. I backed up against the wall and pressed myself against it, trying to gain a sense of where the demogorgon was coming from. It was an attempt in vain. All the lights flickered in unison as Nancy and Jonathan stood back to back in the center of their room, wielding their respective weapons. Suddenly, my vision went black and that dark feeling crawled through my veins once again. All of my senses were overwhelmed with deprivation. There was no sound. There was no smell. Just a complete void. "It's here," I whispered to myself, the comment going unnoticed by Nancy and Jonathan.

Just as quickly as the void came, it was gone. The Christmas lights had all shut off. For a dreadfully long moment, there was an eerie stillness to the air. I shut my eyes and took a deep breath in. This was it, whether I liked it or not. This was the moment they were going to find out.

As I exhaled, I heard Nancy scream. "Jonathan!"

My eyes snapped open to see Jonathan being tackled by the

demogorgon. I froze at the sight of it, feeling my heart drop to my feet as my past came rushing back to me. Nancy got off a few rounds on the monster before emptying her clip completely. I tried to will myself to help, but I was paralyzed by fear. God damn it, Melanie. Move. Move your feet. You can save them.

The demogorgon was standing tall over Nancy, and I saw terror flash through her eyes. It leaned in closer and closer, preparing for the kill. I pushed and pushed myself to help her, but I couldn't. My body was frozen in place. "Nancy!" I cried out to her.

I was taken by surprise when Steve jumped in front of her with a bat, and clubbed the demogorgon. "Steve!" I heard an exclamation come from Nancy.

Steve stood his ground well against the humanoid creature, swinging his bat ferociously and fighting with all he had. I had to gather my courage quickly. Steve had bought me valuable time, and I had to use it.

I closed my eyes once again. This time, I willed myself into the void. I basked in the dark silence. I recalled my past. I recalled how many people I had lost to the creatures of this realm. My mother. My brother. I pictured their faces. I pictured their smiling faces with the expressions they used to have before any of this had happened. I remembered it all so vividly: the crinkles at the corners of my mother's eyes when she grinned, the dimples that appeared on Brian's mouth when he laughed, the freckles scattered on his face from being in the sun all day. This creature took them from me. And it was about to take more.

Rage boiled under my skin as I forced my eyes open. My vision immediately turned dark around the edges. My eyes focused on the one thing in the room that mattered: the demogorgon. I kept my gaze pinned onto the monster and put all of my energy into pinning it down. My fists clenched impossibly tightly as I held the creature in place. I felt my body temperature rise ever higher. The demogorgon froze, seemingly paralyzed. Jonathan glanced up at it, sensing something was wrong. As I focused even more on the pain that it had caused me, it began to scream. It screamed with the same pain I felt. My breathing became heavier, but other than that, I showed no sign

of exhaustion. My eyes narrowed as the demogorgon screamed even louder. "What the hell..." Nancy muttered quietly with a dazed look in her eyes, as Steve let his bat fall to his side in confusion.

But Jonathan knew.

His gaze moved from the demogorgon to me, and I knew I was done for. He knew it was me. My eyes met his for a moment, and he gave an almost imperceptible nod. With that, I felt a new resolve to finish what I had started. My stare focused back on the demogorgon, and not even a second later, it burst up into flames. My body temperature rose to the point where it felt as though there was fire running through my veins. But I showed no sign of pain. I hardened my gaze as I continued to burn the demogorgon to the ground with my mind. It shrieked in agony as it burned to ash.

Once it was finally dead, all of the life flew out of my body and I fell to my knees. I didn't have to hold a hand up to my nose to know that there was a steady stream of blood flowing from it. "Oh my God," Nancy stuttered out as she stared at the charred corpse of the demogorgon in disbelief. "It wasn't anywhere near the trap."

Jonathan stumbled to his feet and rushed over to me. His hands found purchase on my shoulders as he forced my unfocused eyes to meet his. "Mel. Mel, look at me. Are you okay? Can you hear me?" his voice came out high pitched and wobbly. "What was that? How did you do that?"

I opened my mouth to answer, but before I could, I passed out for the second time that evening.

6. Unexpected - Sawamura Eijun/Narumiya Mei

Notes for the Chapter:

I didn't even read this one over once before posting it, but here take it anyway :)

Sawamura felt a lot of emotions, and all of the emotions he felt were strong. He was never a person who could do things half-heartedly, and emotions were no exception. Narumiya Mei brought out a lot of strange emotions in Sawamura that he could never quite understand. What he did know was that these emotions were stronger than any of the ones he had felt before, and that was saying something.

Every time he saw Narumiya, there was a twisting feeling in his chest and a flutter in his stomach. He got light headed and felt as though he was going to pass out. The area, ahem, past his stomach got warm and coiled. He didn't know what these things meant, but they weren't entirely unpleasant. And this was just from looking at Narumiya.

Just imagine what happened when he ended up kissing Narumiya. Now that was a shit show.

He didn't know who let him get drunk at this house party in the first place, but that was their mistake. Sawamura was a man who was boisterous without alcohol, but under the influence he was on another level. He was chatting up just about every person at the party, Haruichi desperately trying to keep him reeled in. This went on for some time until someone, probably Mikyuki, announced that a game of spin the bottle was about to go down.

Sawamura may have been drunk and he may have been incredibly dense, but he knew that there were no girls at this party. So what was the point of spin the bottle? Either way, his attention was caught and he dragged Haruichi towards the living room to join in on the festivities, much to Haruichi's horror.

He took his place in the circle directly across from none other than Narumiya Mei, his rival and cause of unknown emotions. Their eyes locked for a split second, sending chills through Sawamura. But just

as soon as they met, Narumiya looked away to talk to Carlos. That made Sawamura a little sad, but he quickly rebounded because he wasn't going to let that jerk ruin his night.

"Alright, you horny bastards, let's get this show on the road," Miyuki insisted as he placed a bottle in the middle of the circle, giving it a spin.

Sawamura followed the head of the bottle with his eyes, almost passing out with how fast it was moving. He watched as it went past him again and again and again before finally slowing and landing on Kuramochi. "Yo what the fuck. I'm not trying to kiss Kazuya!" Kuramochi exclaimed in horror as Miyuki began crawling towards him.

"Too bad! Those are the rules of the game," Miyuki sang as he plopped in Kuramochi's lap.

He leaned in to place a firm peck on his lips, leaving Kuramochi gagging and Miyuki howling with laughter. The next few turns were rather uneventful, and Sawamura found himself beginning to space out. This game would've been more fun if there were girls, he vaguely thought. Or if it were at least his turn.

As if the Gods were listening, the head of the bottle finally landed on Sawamura, but he had no idea who spun it. "Wait, who?" was all Sawamura managed to get out before icy blue eyes were locked on his once more.

Oh. Oh shit.

Suddenly every emotion Sawamura had ever felt about Narumiya was crushing down on his chest. He felt as though he couldn't breathe as the southpaw knelt in front of him and moved his face close to his. "Bakamura," he muttered, and oh man, he was close enough to Sawamura to feel his words brushing against his lips.

Before he had a moment to catch his breath, a hand was on the back of his neck pushing plush lips to meet his. Sawamura was completely overwhelmed by Narumiya. When their lips met, Narumiya wasted no time in moving his lips and leaving Sawamura in the dust. Once he finally registered what was happening, he moved against

Narumiya just as aggressively, desperately trying to catch up. He bit down on Narumiya's lip, earning himself a growl that gave him the opportunity to shove his tongue into the other's mouth. Narumiya clearly was not expecting that, and an uncharacteristic whimper escaped his throat. Oh, Sawamura liked that noise very much and he wanted to hear it again please.

With that intention in mind, he crawled into Narumiya's lap and wrapped his arms around his neck, winding them up into his hair. He tugged gently and dragged his hips along Narumiya's, unintentionally making himself moan. That felt good. "God damn, Eijun. That was hot," Narumiya muttered against his lips. "Fuck, where did you learn how to do this?"

Sawamura just responded by grinding against Narumiya again, letting his lips trail down his neck. He was about to bite down when he heard a scream of alarm. "Jesus, okay that's enough. The game is still going!" Miyuki yelled as he pulled Sawamura off Narumiya by the scruff of his neck.

Sawamura whined because gosh dang it, he was having a good time! Upset with being dragged away from his conquest, he pouted in the corner the vast majority of the night. He remained in that corner until he felt hands on his waist and a voice whisper in his ear.

"Meet me by the staircase in five," the voice muttered, and Sawamura didn't have to turn to see who it was.

Oh, this was going to be fun.

7. What Are Friends For? - Oikawa Tooru/Hinata Shouyou

Summary for the Chapter:

bc we all know there was an oihina fling

To say Oikawa was surprised when he saw Hinata strolling down the street in Rio would be a complete understatement. When he saw that bright orange head of hair bobbing up and down across the way, he had to do a double take. What were the odds of coming across someone from Japan here, much less from Miyagi, and even more rarely from his high school rivals? Oikawa was no math genius, but he knew those were some very slim odds.

Regardless, Oikawa pounced on the opportunity to connect with the redhead from his past. A tap on the shoulder and a couple of greetings later, Oikawa and Hinata formed a friendship that would get them both through thick and thin. Spending time with Hinata gave him that connection to home that he had so desperately craved since he arrived in Brazil. They spent almost every weekend in each other's company, doing everything from watching movies in Hinata's little apartment to drinking with Oikawa's friends. However, this weekend their plans were a little different.

Oikawa heard from one of his pals that their favorite nightclub was having a rave night, and that immediately caught his attention. Seeing Hinata in rave attire? Now that was appealing. Thinking of the man wearing a mesh top with sequins and tight pants made Oikawa feel things he knew he shouldn't for his friend. Nevertheless, the second that thought was in his mind it was decided: they would be attending the club.

Hinata was of course completely enthralled with the idea, never one to miss out on dancing and drinking. He was determined to go all out to match the theme, also never one to do anything half-assed. When he showed up at Oikawa's front stoop in a very much see-through powder blue dress shirt covered in little glittery stars, Oikawa just about passed out. He just knew he felt his soul leave his body.

The pair wasted no time in making their way to the club and pressing their way through the crowd to the bar. "Can I get you something?" Oikawa asked Hinata in an attempt to be polite.

"No, thanks! I think I'm gonna get right to dancing!" Hinata exclaimed, completely entranced by the bodies moving in front of him.

Oikawa let out a chuckle and nodded, waving to Hinata as he bounded towards some nameless dance partner. He let out a sigh and turned to the counter. He was not the kind of man who could get up and dance without any kind of liquid courage, contrary to what some may believe. So he got some liquor in his system, and when he was pleasantly buzzed, he looked back over to where he had last seen the orange-haired firecracker.

Oikawa made eye contact with Hinata across the dance floor and he swore he could feel the instant his heart stopped. He was captured by those electric eyes as their lids slowly drooped in an expression that Oikawa couldn't escape. He felt as though he was drawn to Hinata by an invisible string, and suddenly he was right in front of him. Hinata just kept swaying his hips as he leaned in a bit closer. "Hiya Tooru," he whispered into his ear.

Oh. Oh.

That was a new feeling that Oikawa had never had in his gut before. A fire passed through Oikawa and lit a flame somewhere deep in his stomach. His hands found Hinata's hips and drew him impossibly closer until their entire bodies were flush against each other. Oikawa's breath caught in his throat as their bodies moved against each other in sync, his grip on Hinata's hips tightening. "Shit," he cursed under his breath when he realized just how good this felt.

Hands were winding their way up into his hair and Oikawa doesn't know when they got there, but when they tug slightly on the strands, a noise that he definitely didn't know he could make escapes. Hinata's pupils dilate and Oikawa just knows he heard it. A flash of mischief crosses over them before tugging again, as if testing the waters. A whimper escaped Oikawa's lips once again, and suddenly there was something hard against his leg as his hips moved against

Hinata's. He shifted slightly so his thigh was pressing in between Hinata's legs, and he knew he hit a sweet spot when the grip on his hair got impossibly tighter. Hinata moved to Oikawa's ear and released a breathy moan. In that moment Oikawa realized there was nothing he wouldn't do to hear that again. "Tooru," the same voice breathed in his ear, "that was really hot."

Fuck. This was going to be a long night.

8. Still Here - Hasegawa Langa/Kyan Reki

Reki loved Langa with all his heart. He really did. He was his best friend, after all! But sometimes, it was just so hard. It was so hard to care so much about someone who would inevitably leave him behind.

Reki wouldn't consider himself a person who holds himself to particularly high standards. Personal growth is great, but comparison is dangerous. As soon as he starts comparing himself to others, his motivation turns to dust. And that was exactly what was happening to him right now.

There was this pressure bearing down on him that made him feel like he couldn't ever catch his breath. Every time he took one step forward, he fell three back. He was being left behind. Left behind by the person he loved more than anyone else in the world. And that hurt. So much.

What was worse was he didn't know what to do about it. He didn't know if he should confront Langa, or let him be. He didn't know if he should bottle up his feelings, or let them out to someone else. He didn't want to be a nuisance - that was the least desired outcome. In the end, the option that seemed to place the least burden on anyone else was distancing himself from Langa, and subsequently, from skating.

That was really hard for Reki.

Skating had been his entire life up until this moment. But continuing on just reminded him of happier times, which would inevitably make him remember that he couldn't have those back. But he knew this was for the best. He knew that he didn't love skating anymore, and he was trying (in vain) not to love Langa anymore.

Langa was confused by this. At first, he thought Reki was just going through a rough patch in school, or maybe home life. He allowed Reki his distance, not wanting to seem overbearing. But minutes turned into hours, hours turned into days, and days turned into weeks. Langa realized after the third week of being apart from Reki, he couldn't handle the separation anymore. Loneliness similar to that

when his dad passed away started to take over. Suddenly, skating didn't seem as fun anymore without the person that made it fun.

That was when he knew it was time to confront Reki, whether he wanted it or not.

It was a rainy summer morning when they saw each other again.

Reki walked up to his front stoop after a night of walking aimlessly. He tended to do that fairly often now. It was easier than facing the dreams that plagued his sleep.

What he wasn't expecting to see when he got there was Langa laying against the wall by his front door, sound asleep. Reki froze in his tracks, and suddenly his heart was pounding in his ears. "No," he muttered softly. "I'm not ready for this."

Langa stirred at the sound of Reki's quiet voice. A single blue eye popped open to check its surroundings. When Langa saw Reki standing in front of him, all traces of sleep left his body. He shot up from his place on the ground and took a step towards Reki. He stopped when he noticed that Reki flinched away from him. His eyes turned down. "Reki?" he murmured.

Reki was desperately trying to get his breathing under control. His vision darkened around the edges and he was starting to feel dizzy. He felt himself begin to sway when a pair of hands latched onto his arms, trying to hold him steady. "Reki," Langa's voice came firmer this time. "Can you hear me?"

Reki closed his eyes in an attempt to block out the voice, failing to remember that his vision had nothing to do with his hearing. "Langa, you shouldn't be here."

"I want to be here," came a response with no hesitation. "Reki, I always want to be here."

At that, Reki snapped his head up. He hadn't realized he had started crying until he noticed that Langa was more of a blue blur in the shape of a person instead of his regular self. He reached up to wipe his eyes, fighting against the grip on his arms. Once they were clear,

he lifted his head again and held back a gasp. Langa was really here. In front of him. And he looked so beautiful.

Suddenly, any of the walls Reki had built up between himself and Langa were gone. He threw himself into Langa's already open arms and started sobbing even more. With every rise of Langa's chest that he felt against his own, another wave of tears rolled over him. Langa was here. In front of him. In his arms. It was so warm. So, so warm.

"I love you."

The words were out of his mouth before he could even process them. He felt Langa's breath hitch at the sudden exclamation. Reki lifted his head up from Langa's shoulder. They locked eyes. The entire world around Reki turned light blue. Blue like the color of the sky when snow has just fallen. "I love you," he repeated, more to himself than to Langa. "I love you so much."

There was a pair of slightly chapped lips covering his own not even a second later. The blue turned black, and it took Reki a moment to realize that was because he had closed his eyes. The arms around his body clutched at the back of his shirt, and his cheeks were wet with the tears of himself and the boy he loved. This was it. This was home. Not skating anymore. Langa. Langa was home.

Langa was still here.